

# The Register



May, 1923

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VOL. XLII

NO. 8



## Advertisements

A Picture to remember our classmates by is a more treasured possession as the years widen the gap between us.



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# Latin School Register

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May, 1923

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## Class Song, 1923

*By Louis Tobin*

O Alma Mater, pride of all thy sons,  
We take our leave of thee with grieving  
soul,  
To breast the seas of many gales,  
To map our course, to set our sails  
'Gainst adverse winds, yet stoutly  
towards our goal.

### *Chorus*

Our hearts and love we leave behind,  
Our hopes we carry on,  
And memories, sweet mem'ries, ne'er to  
fade.

Hence we merge to bigger things  
From the loving care beneath thy wings  
We must depart this saddest day of days.

O Alma Mater, sweet and noble guide,  
We turn our thoughts back to our  
younger days.

Our minds recall our happy years  
Of boyhood under thy sweet care,  
But now with tears we fond farewell  
must say.



## Class Oration, 1923

*By John Locke Fitzpatrick*

Mr. Campbell, Members of the Faculty, Friends of the Boston Latin School and Classmates:

Another year in the history of this truly great school is nearing its close. Our class of 1923 is about to finish its activities here and it is our earnest desire at this time, to express publicly in the presence of parents and friends our humble but whole hearted thanks and gratitude to our Headmaster and to each member of our faculty for their unceasing diligence, their patience, and never ending willingness and zeal in directing and supervising the every thought, word and act of each member of our Class, and to give testimony now of the splendid influence of their many sacrifices for us and to express the hope that by our lives in the future we may, even though in a small measure, give back to them some recompense in the satisfaction which must come to each of them, if we can but prove that all these years of noble effort on their part have not been in vain, but that we are, each one of us, worthy of it all. What proof can we hope will be acceptable to our beloved Faculty? We believe that our lives, either in college or in the business world, in the next few years and there after, should be dedicated to the spirit of self-sacrifice in its truest and noblest form, because we know that the inspiring human stories in history are stories of self-sacrifice and that they stand out as shining examples, shedding rays of light and hope for the guidance of struggling humanity. St. Francis of Assisi, forfeiting fortune and friends and pleasures to dedicate himself to a life

of prayer and service to the poor; Joan of Arc, walking steadfastly in the way of the vision, which led eventually to the stake; Lincoln, who died a martyr's death, after struggling up from poverty to shoulder the burdens of our great Nation, may well be accepted by our class as ideals to guide us on our humble way and to inspire within each of us the burning desire to serve. How often man is led to go on fighting for little, worthless praise of little, worthless persons, and with ever increasing egotism and self-consciousness deceives himself into the belief that this is success. How often do men discover, too late to be useful knowledge to them, when disaster and failure is their final doom, that by their lives of self-conceit and absolute refusal to make personal sacrifices, they have really determined their only possible and from almost the beginning of their selfish lives. The great Napoleon, probably the most spectacular figure in history, is also the most conspicuous failure in its pages because he never sacrificed himself for others, but always sacrificed others that his personal ambitions might be realized, and Saint Helena was the pitiful spectacle of the fruits of a selfish life. An Imperial German exile, now at Doorn fretting away his last years, is the only thing in history comparable with Napoleon's end. "He that thirsteth for life shall lose it."

My dear Classmates, our progress along the road to happiness depends on our willingness to serve and to sacrifice. Martyrdom is not demanded of us,



only the determination of each of us to give what we can to others.

Quoting an eminent Churchman of our beloved city in writing of Spring:

"Once more the glowing sun wheels toward the frozen North and all Nature thrills with a new life.

The brooks melt into swollen torrents overleaping their frozen banks,

Up, up surges the swelling sap from the chilled roots, pushing, urging the tender bud and the new leaf.

The blood tingles with a mysterious renovation and the heart throbs with the song of an new awakening.

It is Spring."

And for us, my Classmates, and in our young lives this Class Day is Spring. As we leave this school and its teachers, our Sun is turning to the North and we are thrilled with the new life awaiting us.

The brooks within us are ready to overleap their banks and to form our characters into tender buds and new leaves.

Our blood tingles and our hearts throb with the song of a new awakening. Let each one of us, Classmates, fortify himself with the hope as our Spring travels on to our Summer and to our Fall and Winter, that no day shall record our refusal to offer our best efforts and to give anew evidence of our desire to give rather than to receive.

In closing may I express the hope, that although our paths may lead in many directions, our firm friendships and many years of close association here, may be continued throughout the years of our lives, and that the school spirit and loyalty to Alma Mater of the Class of 1923, first to be graduated from this beautiful new building, may compare favorably with the highest standards of this great institution.

"Let us live for those who love us,  
For those we know are true,  
For the Heavens that shine above us,  
And the good that each may do."



## Class Poem, 1923

*Maxwell H. Goldberg*

Within the great expanse of life,  
    'Midst all the wordly strain and strife,  
Although we strive for lofty goal,  
    Contend with all our heart and soul,  
Aye, wand'ring far on land or sea,  
    For thee our hopes, our prayers shall  
    be.

With pride and joy we shall retrace  
    The wide and intervening space,  
Wise Alma Mater, back to where  
    Thou standest o'er us sweet and fair.  
Yea, though we go on land or sea,  
    Our fondest mem'ry thou shalt be.

For thou it was who urged us on,  
    Who raised aloft our hope forlorn;  
To carry on, and play the game,  
    To heighten and increase thy fame.  
So, though we roam o'er land or sea,  
    Our toil, and work for thee shall be.

We leave with joy and yet with sorrow,  
    For, Alma Mater, on the morrow  
We shall be left without thy care,  
    And forth into the wide world fare.  
Yet, though we strive on land or sea,  
    For thee our deepest love shall be.

"Farewell! Farewell!" we say at last,  
    For now our life with thee is past:  
And firmly do we make this vow,  
    As other classes did till now—  
Though we may win on land or sea,  
    Our heartfelt thanks for thee shall be.

—*M. H. Goldberg '23*



## The Test

*By Louis Tobin*

A young man walked into the headquarters of Scotland Yard in search of a position as detective. Upon being directed into a certain office, he stood before a stern, thick-set man with a black mustache and scrutinizing eyes, and wearing a sergeant's uniform.

"What can I do for you?" asked the officer.

"I am seeking a position as detective," answered the young man.

"Have you had any experience in this line?"

"No sir, I have not."

He was then given a large blank to fill out and was directed to proceed into an adjoining room. The name he wrote down on the card was Henry Weathers.

In this room, he was confronted by two other officers. One of them, who introduced himself as Joseph Barnes, told Weathers that he must take a test to prove himself worthy of becoming a detective.

"Please be seated," requested Barnes.

"We have on our list of fugitives from justice a murderer named Emil Walder. In this envelope you will find a description of him together with his picture. We can put you on his trail. He is now in Paris, as far as we know. You will do well to look for him in the large hotels. Now, it is your job to shadow that man, get him to England somehow, have him arrested and report to Chief McGreer, who happens to be in this building now. We will furnish expenses, and you may start immediately."

"May I see Chief McGreer now?" asked Weathers.

"No, that is not necessary," answered Barnes.

Weathers left headquarters with a feeling of confidence. He had read many detective stories and books on "How to become a detective," and he considered this test quite easy. What he must do now, he thought, was to go home and tell his mother of his good fortune and then pack.

When he reached home, his mother asked how he had fared.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "The test I am to take, is tracking a criminal. I go to France first and hunt him there."

Half an hour later, Weathers was in a train riding to the dock. He felt elated. He was actually going to shadow a man and bring him to justice! What a feeling of power he would have! Why, to be a detective, he——He was interrupted by the hoarse cry of the conductor announcing the station, and with brakes screeching and grinding, the train came to a jarring stop.

Weathers got out of the train and was informed by a guide that the dock was across the street and that the boat for France would leave in twenty minutes. He crossed to the dock, bought his ticket, and boarded the *Skeffing II* bound for Calais. He went to his stateroom and arranged his baggage. When the boat had started, he went out on deck to take a walk and to think matters over. As he was walking, it suddenly occurred to him that he had not even read over the description of the fugitive, nor studied the picture.

Accordingly, he took out the description and sat down to read it over. "——A man with blue eyes, brown hair, clean shaven, a scar on his cheek. Weight; about 150 pounds, height 5ft, 10 in—usually well dressed; when last seen,



wore a gray tweed suit, light weight brown overcoat, and brown felt hat."

Weathers read it several times and studied the picture to make a lasting impression of it in his mind. He then paced the deck, figuring out how he would entice his man to return to England after he found him. For, he was not yet an officer of the law and would not be able to arrest him.

With plans taking shape in his mind, Weathers went down to the dining hall for a slight repast. He was determined to retire early so that his mind would be clear the next day. He seated himself and began to eat. Slowly his eyes wandered from person to person, merely to accustom himself to study faces. Directly opposite him sat a refined-looking man who, Weathers guessed, must be a business man. Next to him sat a dull-eyed, richly-dressed woman, most likely a society dissipator. Beside her was a young child, obviously her son.

And—next-to-him! Weathers craned his neck and suppressed a cry of astonishment. Automatically, his hand went to his pocket and snatched out his pocketbook containing the picture and description. Just as surely as he was alive, there sat none other but his man, Emil Walder, peacefully eating his meal. The picture was positively his. What made him more sure was the scar on his cheek.

Weathers was dumbfounded. Of course he could eat no more of his meal, so he merely sat there waiting until Walder had finished.

"That man certainly is done for. He had better watch his step," thought Weathers. In about fifteen minutes Walder rose from the table and started to walk away. Immediately, Weathers rose also and followed him. Just before he reached the door Weathers tapped him on the shoulder.

"Beg pardon," he began, "but I think I know you. Your face is very familiar to me. But I can't for the life of me place you. Would you mind telling me your name, and perhaps I will recall it."

The stranger, evidently not on his guard, readily told him that his name was Emil Walder. It was a long time since he had heard the last of the police, and he thought he had eluded them for good.

"Exactly!" ejaculated the young man. "Emil Walder. Yes I met you through an introduction." Then he held his breath, thinking that Walder would ask him by whom they had been introduced. But, on the contrary, Walder was very pleasant and seemed eager to renew their friendship.

Then Weathers cordially invited him to his room where, as he said, they might spend the evening together pleasantly.

"Thank you," agreed Walder. "I'll be very glad to come."

They emerged to the deck and slowly walked towards Weathers' stateroom taking about the trip. The latter opened the door and they went in. He gave his guest a cigar and a chair and they began to discuss various matters. As Walder spoke, Weathers thought to himself, "What an easy-going murderer I have here! Seems as though he will fall into any trap." Then he asked him what his business was.

"I am a merchant," he answered, "and my business requires that I travel quite extensively. At present, I am touring Europe."

"What a likely story!" thought Weathers. Walder went on, "I have been in every country now, except Germany and France, so from Paris, I will go to Berlin, back to Paris, and thence to England again." An idea struck Weathers.

"Jove! What a coincidence! Those



are exactly the cities I am going to! I am a journalist, and collecting data. Now I will have someone to travel with. I always get very lonesome while traveling.

"Yes, that will be fine," Walder agreed, unsuspectingly. "I guess I'll retire now," he added, "because we arrive early in the morning. Good night."

As soon as he had closed the door, Weathers almost jumped for joy.

"The good luck certainly is coming my way," he soliloquized. "Before long, I'll be a full-fledged detective." Then he hurriedly undressed and leaped into bed. He lay awake half the night, making plans for the next day. He also tried to figure out how he could make Walder shorten his stay in Paris and Berlin.

He awoke at sunrise, just as the boat was nearing Calais. He could hear from below, rumbling noises of baggage being thrown about. He dressed quickly and went out on deck to take a walk. France was plainly visible now, and it was a matter of less than half an hour before the steamer would dock.

As the ship drew up to the wharf, Weathers walked quickly towards the gangway in order not to miss Walder. He scolded himself for not asking him the number of his room the night before. About a score of persons left the boat before Weathers reached the gangway, but he trusted that Walder was not among them. He left the ship and stopped on the wharf, his eyes fixed on the stream of people leaving the steamer.

He waited about an hour but still did not see his man disembark. The main flow of passengers had stopped and one or two stragglers were leaving.

"Ah, I see," he thought, "I suppose Walder has awakened to the fact that he was being followed. He is not so foolish as I thought. I'll bet I've missed the train to Paris, and he must be on it."

He snatched his grip and ran as fast as he could from the wharf to the station, which, he was told, was about two minutes' walk. He arrived at the station panting, only to discover that the train for Paris had left ten minutes before and that there would be no other for twenty minutes. But he decided that if he wished to be a detective, he must never lose hope. So he bought his ticket and boarded the train.

He spent the time riding to Paris, in reflection. His plans of the previous night had fallen through because he had intended to meet Walder as he left the steamer. But he remembered that Barnes at headquarters had told him to search for the murderer in the first-rate hotels.

Therefore, when the train reached Paris, Weathers, with his meagre knowledge of French, asked a cab-driver to take him to the best hotel in the city. Accordingly he was conveyed to the Hotel Royal. He entered the lobby and asked the clerk if he were allowed to look at the hotel register. He said that he was, but upon reading the names of the guests, he was disappointed not to find "Walder" among them.

The aspiring detective did not register at the Royal but went out and found another cab-driver. He asked him to take him to another hotel of the same rating as the Royal. This time he was brought before the Hotel Seville, a much larger and more imposing structure than the Royal. He entered this hotel and asked to see the register. He scanned the list of names and when he came to "W", the nearest he could find to "Walder" as "Walton," but the first name was Emil.

"That's the one all right," Weathers said to himself. "That's just what criminals do—keep changing their names. But he couldn't fool me." The room number beside the name was "303."



"What is the nearest room you have to that?" inquired the young man.

"Room 313, which is almost opposite," answered the clerk in broken English.

"All right, I'll take it," and Weathers signed his name next to number 313. He was then led upstairs.

He went into his room and deposited his baggage. Then he sat down to meditate. How was he to confront Walder, without letting him know that he was following him? After resting for about half an hour, he stood before room 303. At first there was no response to his knocking. Weathers was sure there was someone standing on the other side of the door.

In a few moments, a voice asked, "Who is it?" It was Walder's voice.

"This is your friend, Weathers, whom you met on the boat." Quickly, rather nervously, the door was opened and Walder appeared.

"Why——" he looked surprised and flushed. "I certainly was surprised to find your name on the book. How strange that fate has brought us together again. But haven't you changed your name? I believe it was Walder."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Walder uneasily.

"Er-a-you see, I have such wide business relations, that unless I change my name at every hotel, people bother me all the time. And, er, by the way, I waited for you at the dock, and since I did not see you, I came directly here."

"And of course I believe you," thought Weathers. "When are you going to Berlin?" he ventured. Walder seemed at a loss as to what to say.

"Why-er,-it's this way! As soon as I arrived at this hotel, a message awaited me from my interests in England, calling me back directly, and so I must omit my trip to Berlin."

Weather's mind was working fast. He must say something.

"Would you mind having me for a travelling companion again?" he asked. "As I told you, I get very lonesome when I travel and also since I would like to get back to England as soon as possible I will obtain my necessary information from Berlin by telegraph. Then I can return to England with you. Won't that be fine?"

"Er-yes, that will be nice, but are you sure you can complete your work satisfactorily in so short a time? You know, I am leaving tomorrow morning." Weathers could see that he was flushed and nervously fingering his watch-chain and trying to make excuses.

But why, he wondered, should Walder suspect him of trailing him. He hadn't hinted anything as far as he could remember.

But then, a criminal always suspects that he is being shadowed.

"I'm sure I can be ready in time for the trip," he said. "I am overjoyed at the thought of having the pleasure of your company on the whole journey."

"Likewise," lied Walder. "I am sorry to say we must part for a short while," he added, "as I have an important business matter to attend to. I will see you before the trip." He went into the room, took his coat and hat, came out and locked the door.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye."

Weathers went back to his room. "Important business matter, huh? Most likely going to figure out how he can skip."

He then left the hotel to while away his time seeing sights

He returned at night rather fatigued, and after washing and refreshing himself, he went into the hall and knocked upon Walder's door. But he received no answer.



"I'll bet he has skipped," he said to himself. Immediately he ran down to the lobby and inquired as to whether Mr. Walton had left with his baggage. The clerk looked into the book and said that he had not.

With a sigh of relief, Weathers went slowly back to his room to await Walder's return. He waited until eleven o'clock, meanwhile going out and trying his door about every fifteen minutes. He then decided he would not wait up any longer and went to bed.

After a fitful night's sleep, in which he dreamed he became the most famous detective in the world, he dressed and ran out into the hall and knocked upon the door of "303." At first there was no answer. He stood there with his ears alert to the slightest sound. After knocking again he heard the bed creak and then the sounds of someone walking with bare feet. Walder opened the door.

"Good morning," said Weathers. "I was wondering if you were ready."

"No, I'm not ready yet," answered Walder, "but I'll come to your room when I am."

This time, Walder seemed very calm and showed none of the uneasiness Weathers had seen before. The latter returned to his room, puzzled but very happy.

"Has Walder at last thrown off his doubt as to whether he was being trailed?" Weathers wondered. "If he has, I'm all set."

In about half an hour he heard a knock upon his door and Walder entered. "We had better start immediately after breakfast," he said, "as the train leaves in three quarters of an hour."

He seemed very friendly to Weathers now, and the latter could think of nothing but the time when he would be a real detective. "Fine," said the latter.

"Let's go down now,"

After breakfast they collected their baggage and left for the train. The train ride passed in monotonous conversation, and after what seemed to Weathers to be hours, they were on the boat. When the boat had started, the future detective felt that all was safe and he excused himself to Walder, saying that he felt sick and that he would remain in his stateroom for the trip.

Weathers was in heaven. The ambition of his life was about to be realized. To be a detective from Scotland Yard certainly was a distinction to be proud of.

He spent the rest of the trip reading, and when the time came for the ship to dock, he was at the door of Walder's stateroom. He had not forgotten to get the number this time! Walder was there and received him graciously, inquiring of his health.

"Let us go quickly, so that we may catch the first train, which leaves five minutes after docking," suggested Weathers.

Walder agreed, and they were the first to leave the steamer. They hurriedly crossed the street to the station and boarded their train. Then they placed their baggage on the rack and seated themselves comfortably.

"Have a cigarette," suggested Walder.

"Thank you," said Weathers, "I feel like a good smoke just now".

When Weathers woke up he was on a bench at headquarters. He looked around dazedly, too dumbfounded to speak. A huge detective stood in front of him, grinning.

"As soon as you come to," he said, "go upstairs to Room 25 and see, Chief McGreer."

Weathers rose without a word and went upstairs as directed. Soon he stood before room 25. He entered and almost swooned. "Walder!!" he gasped,

"Yes, Walder," said the officer.



"that is, both Walder and McGreer. Now you know why Barnes, downstairs, did not let you see me before you left. It is especially essential for the success of a

detective that he be ever alert not to accept drinks or smokes from questionable persons, especially his own prisoner. You have failed. That is all. Goodday."

## The Dramatic Club

On the evening of May fourth, the long awaited performance of "His Uncle's Niece", by the Latin School Dramatic Club was given with the greatest success. The play was presented in the school hall. The stage, which was not built to be practical, offered a severe obstacle, which was overcome by the skill of Mr. Murphy, of the Alladin Scenery Co., who supplied the scenery, Robert Parks, the stage manager, and his assistants.

The audience began to arrive about half past seven and continued to pour in until the hall was full. The large attendance was due to the great zeal of the members of the club, *Register* room-reporters, and friends who pushed the sale of tickets enthusiastically. The chief salesman was Murray Silverman, one of the actors, who sold one hundred and eleven tickets. There was a combination of the Latin School Orchestra and the Ciceronian Synco-paters to furnish music.

The curtain rose at 8.15. In the order of their appearance the "dramatis personae" were as follows: Fitzpatrick played the part of Dick Tate. He wore no make-up until the end of the last act when he was disguised as a minister, looking somewhat like Charlie Chaplin, with his sombre frock coat, grey wig, and wide-brimmed ecclesiastical hat.

Next was Dunne, as Francis Felton. He made a most vivacious girl. His acting was delightful and his female costume was most becoming. Then came the two girls. Marnell was delicious as Dora Hale. He wore the modish clothes of a young lady attrac-

tively and wept and pouted in the most feminine fashion.

Silverman played Alice Malcolm. He was well suited for the part and acted it excellently. His gowns were also very chic. A roar of delight greeted the entrance of Vaccaro as Mrs. Mullen. He made a wonderful characterization of a middle-aged country woman "of few words". Then came Uncle Simon in the person of Marget. His make-up was very convincing and his acting showed a great deal of talent! McNeil was most amusing as Philander and caused an uproar with his abbreviated barrel costume. Silas Sidemore, the constable, was played by Hayden. He made the part very amusing. No one could resist the rural charms of Hunt as Timothy Haye with his red hair and slow drawl.

A whole chapter ought to be devoted to the wonderful work which Mr. Kelley accomplished as director and coach. During the long weeks of rehearsal, even during the vacation, he devoted his time and energy constantly to keeping the members of the club at their task, when any one in the cast was absent, he took the part, helping the other actors, illustrating, explaining, criticizing, encouraging. He shared in everyone's work and animated the Dramatic Club with that spirit which made the presentation such a great success.

The officers of the club are as follows: Faculty Director, Mr. Kelley; President, O. E. Vaccaro; Vice-President, William Dunne; Business Manager, H. H. Blake; Stage Manager, R. Parks,



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# Latin School Register

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## School Notes

April 27, 1923 was Class Day for Latin School. It can be said to the credit of Mr. Campbell, who was chiefly responsible for the success of the day, of those who had a part in the program, and of the Class Committee, that the program was carried off with all the smoothness that could be desired. This year all the participants in the class day program, excepting the speaker of the day and certain members of the orchestra, were of the first class.

The fellows who helped make the Class Day deserve our congratulations and our thanks. But to the speaker of the day, Daniel J. Lyne '06, we can never repay the debt we owe. He sacrificed the amusing anecdotes of his Latin School days for advice which we cannot fail to recognize as invaluable.

The dedication of the new building of the Boston Latin School was held on May 17, 1923. The program was one of excellence. An assemblage of gentlemen as distinguished as those on the speaker's stand that day was of especial interest

to us because of its very intimate connection with our school.

On May 11, 1923 the annual Prize Drill was held in the East Armory with the result that the Colonel of the Regiment at B. L. S. is John Leo Keefe. Gallagher, who took second prize, is Lieutenant Colonel. Savage, following one point behind in the score, became Major of the First Battalion. Sexton won fourth prize and is Major of the Second Battalion, and Harrington became Major of the Third Battalion by winning fifth prize. Fitzpatrick, who followed one point behind Harrington, became Major of a newly created Fourth Battalion. Apparently the scores were very close. They were.

It can be said to the credit of all, and more particularly to the credit of Colonel Penney, that the drill was very well carried off. Credit is especially due, among those who drilled, to the captains who had three platoons to handle on the floor.

The Prize Reading has already been held, and in the next issue of the *Register*

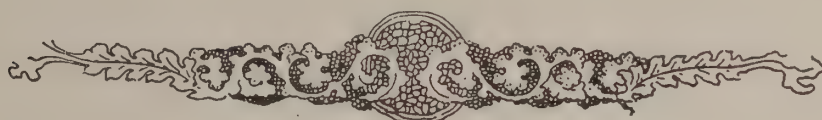


we hope to be able to give the names of the victorious.

A rather novel idea has been introduced into the military drill at B. L. S. in the form of *The Review*. We have been told that the Regiment at Latin School has made a far better showing

in this direction at Latin School than any other cadet unit in the city.

However this may be, the first review so delighted the powers that be, that the cadets were again called out to parade on the day of the dedication of our new building.



## The History of the Latin School

### Part VI

*By Philip Flynn*

Mr. Dixwell was succeeded by Dr. Francis Gardner, a pupil of the Latin School in 1822. From 1831 to the day of his death in 1876, he taught in the school.

Dr. Gardner was loved by his pupils more than any other teacher probably, with the exception of Ezekiel Cheever. To describe Dr. Gardner, or what he did, (as Jenks wrote to a Latin School boy of the last generation), is a work of supererogation. No man was better known in Boston.

One of his pupils wrote of him:

"This great master, whatever else he lacked, had character, not of the fine lined, sentimental kind, cut and polished as a well proportioned statue, but in bulk, a massive bulwark protesting against all cant, superciliousness, and untruth. All who came under his instruction during his more than forty years' connection with the school will testify to this, when they remember his devotion to truth in language and manner, which, if it seemed crude and

austere in its simplicity, never deceived any man as to its intent, and was an ever bidding lesson to all under him of a man terribly in earnest, who believed in duty."

At the time of his last illness, Dr. Gardner was granted a leave of absence which expired on the very day of death. He was the second headmaster to die while in office.

Dr. Gardner was master of the Latin School during the years of the Civil War, and many of his pupils served in the Union army. Colonel Fletcher Webster, of the Class of 1824, led to the Civil War the 12th Massachusetts Regiment, one company of which, Co. D, was captained by Nat. B. Shurtleff of the class of 1850. This was called the Latin School Company, and it carried a standard of the old Roman pattern, presented by the school.

Augustine Milton Gay, one of the masters in the School, was appointed Headmaster in June 1876. He, however, was taken ill soon after the



opening of the School in September and could only attend to his work for a short time each day until he died in November, 1876, very suddenly.

For the next six months the school was under the direction of Mr. Moses Merrill. He was subsequently appointed Headmaster in June, 1877, after considerable discussion.

In the school year, 1876-77, many radical changes took place, and a few changes were attempted.

The School Committee, in that year, came to the conclusion that the Latin School had fulfilled its mission, and advanced several resolutions in regard to its future. First, that its existence should be terminated at once; second, that it should be merged in the English High School; third, that it should be made a branch of, and subordinate to the latter institution. The attempt to destroy the school failed utterly, however. As a matter of fact, the action was more of a personal attack on the then Headmaster than an honest desire for reform.

The course of instruction was also changed. Much of the credit for this change was due to Charles William Eliot, at present President Emeritus of Harvard University, and the oldest living graduate of the Latin School. German was introduced as a study and the system of misdemeanor marks was begun. The now existing department

and department heads were created. Until 1876 each teacher had taught his class in all their subjects. Military drill was introduced a few years previous.

An attempt to open the Latin School for the admission of girls, was made in this year, and several hearings were given by the School Committee to the petitioners and remonstrants. The decision was in favor of the remonstrants and as a result a separate school for girls with a course similar to ours was instituted. It is known as the Girls' Latin School. On the occasion of this petition, William Everett wrote a somewhat humorous poem, the last stanza of which went as follows:

"One verse more! This meeting's private

Some things won't be said outside.

Many an outward stroke and inward

Has the dear old School defied.

Boys or men: we'll stand unflinching

Every bolt that malice hurls;

But by all her ancient honor,

Fill not up our ranks with GIRLS!"

Moses Merrill was Headmaster until 1901.

A few days before the Great Boston Fire, the land for the Warren Avenue Schoolhouse was purchased and was occupied early in the year of 1881.

In 1901 Mr. Arthur Irving Fiske was appointed Headmaster.

*[To be concluded in June]*





## Buried Alive

*by Charles Evans, '23*

"Look," whispered Jack to Charlie as he quickly hid in a clump of bushes. He was immediately joined by the latter, and the two parting the bushes softly peered out and saw two men engaged in conversation. "No" said one. "Ole Hank is pretty foxy and I think he's wise to the ol' dope." "Well," retorted the other, "I guess you're a yellow streak. You told me all about it and now you're backin' out." "All right, tell me what you're goin' to do," answered the first speaker with a chagrined twitching of his face.

Their curiosity aroused, the boys listened attentively, hardly daring to breathe. After a few moments they heard one of the most dastardly plots that weak and diseased minds ever invented. Soon the men left with a warning to shoot if necessary, and the boys looked at each other for a moment in speechless amazement. After this spell, Jack found breath to drawl out, "Well, I'll be jiggered! What do you think of that?" After some discussion they decided to report the news to the police.

After receiving the report the chief of police thanked the boys, and about midnight, together with several of his men, forced an entrance into the dwelling of the man called Hank and compelled the suspected pair under the cover of drawn revolvers to surrender.

Jack Turner and Charlie Gold were lifelong friends. Nothing was hidden or kept secret between them, and each boy understood the other as he did his ten fingers. Added to that, this eventful night had so firmly forged their chain of friendship that they pledged that nothing but death would break it.

Five years later, America had entered the World War. By a curious twist of Fate, Jack found himself in the infantry and Charlie in the aviation corps. One evening just before the great battle at Versailles, the commander of Jack's regiment called for volunteers to join a reconnoitering party. Instantly three men stepped forward, Jack among them. After receiving the necessary instructions they crept out in the dark, sullen night into "no man's land"; each heart thumping with excitement and hope and each mind wondering what the darkness, that endless infinity, the land where so many enter and so few return, had in store. Even the stoutest of hearts and the most rigid of muscles could not but shiver and tremble at the gloomy foreboding that the endless darkness presented.

After Jack had made fast his bombs and other deadly missiles of war and had ascertained the position and location of the enemy, he crept forward on his knees, looking every now and then to the left and right. Now stopping, now falling, and now straining his ears to catch some warning sound. Suddenly he stood erect, seemed to pierce the veil of darkness, then turned and ran, for nearing him overhead was one of those infernal German messengers of death, a bomb, which when exploded shoots forth sharpened pieces of metal that fly about in all directions for about a half mile, cutting to bits all flesh that it strikes. He was quick, but not quick enough; the bomb exploded; he was struck in the leg by a piece of metal, and as he fell another large piece struck him on the head, shattering his helmet and rendering him unconscious. At that instant the



very ground beneath his feet caved in and he fell, caught by a natural prison. Fortunately several beams overhead held up tons of earth which, if dislodged, would result in instant death.

Again Fate takes a hand. About four hours later Charlie, flying about in his biplane was obliged to descend on account of engine trouble, and landed not more than twenty-five yards from the prison wherein his friend Jack was, *buried alive*. If Charlie only knew!

The day was just dawning as Charlie, rousing from a short but refreshing nap began to look around for some material with which to mend the broken parts. After working for three long hours with incessant labor, he walked some distance away and threw himself down, wearied by the short but tedious work.

Suddenly, the glitter of a ring shining out from amongst the broken debris lying about struck his eyes. He seized it, gazed at it for several moments, looked about, then stood in pensive and thoughtful mood. The moment of deliberation over, he searched in all directions and just as he began to think that Jack had probably left that vicinity, he found his shattered helmet wedged lodged in between several beams. He fell on his hands and knees and began to shout his chum's name. After several moments he heard the faint voice of expiring Jack coming, it seemed, from the very bowels of the earth. He rushed back to the machine, secured whatever tools possible and began his fight with time for Jack's life. Slowly but surely he was removing mounds and mounds of earth from between the interwoven timbers. Almost exhausted as he was

from his former labor, fear, hope, excitement and expectation, all lent strength to his muscular frame. The greatest caution, skill and ability—so sporadic and owned by so very few, was needed for this superhuman and Herculean effort. One slip and all his toil would fail, leaving in its wake, the death of his chum on his hands.

Finally, after three hours of Cyclopean toil, Charlie came upon Jack's bag of bombs, intact and safe, and had he by chance struck the bag—whew! Soon he threw up the last shovelful of earth. Quickly he raised his chum's head and pressing a canteen to his lips, sustained the last bit of life which had almost completely departed.

That evening about midnight, Jack recovered consciousness in one of the rear line hospitals, and as he uttered] "Charlie," he sank back again into profound and restful sleep.

In the morning when Charlie entered the hospital he found Jack, who had already learned the story, sitting up on his bed. Pleasure, welcome, thankfulness, joy and gratitude mounted and radiated over his beaming face as he warmly extended his hand to Charlie. Even at that moment his thoughts flitted back to the time when they took the oath of life and death, and as they were both embracing and congratulating each other upon their timely escape, there was no doubt, by reason of Jack's visage and emotion that should an incident present itself wherein Charlie's life was at stake, Jack would be there with the willingness and zeal of a martyr to sacrifice his life to save that of his chum.







## BOSTON LATIN, 4.

## DORCHESTER H. S. 3.

After dropping successive games to Milton Academy, Middlesex and St. Marks, the baseball team showed real form in its opening game of the City League. The team plugged along all through the game with determination and was rewarded by a ninth-inning victory.

Joe Goode, star southpaw, toed the mound for Latin with Pete Whittemore as his rival. Latin School got two men on base in the first, but Whittemore worked in masterly fashion and pulled himself out of a hole. Indeed, until the sixth inning Latin didn't seem to have a chance of winning with Whittemore mowing down the batters.

Dorchester started off impressively and scored two runs in the second.

Whittemore received a "life" on Finnegan's slip and was scored by Murphy's double to left. Joe Harrel scored Murphy with a slashing single. With the addition of a run in the fifth Dorchester enjoyed a three-run lead. Latin School managed to get a tally in the sixth and two runs were chalked up in the seventh on Denvir's single to right. In the ninth Latin School took the lead when Finnegan drove in Haggerty, which proved to be the winning run.

Hartin singled in the last half of the ninth frame. He advanced on a putout to third. Harrel then poled out a long sacrifice fly. Hartin did not touch third before he raced home. Capt. Finnegan was quick to notice this and tagged third base. Hartin was declared out by the umpire.

A good crowd was on hand to cheer on both teams.

Finnegan of Latin and Murphy of Dorchester did the big hitting for their teams. Joe Goode pitched a fine game, as did Whittemore until the ninth inning. Fusonie starred in centre field with eight putouts. Tobin played a good game at backstop. Hartin and Harrel played good ball for Dorchester High.

## BOSTON LATIN

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Donna'y, 3.....	3	1	0	2	0
Hagg'ty, 2. ....	4	1	5	2	0
Finne'n,s. ....	5	3	1	3	2
Tobin, c .....	6	2	3	0	0
Fusoni, cf. ....	4	2	8	0	0
Lyons, r, lf.....	4	0	1	1	0
Nolan, r. ....	2	1	0	0	0
Denvir, lf,1 .....	4	1	5	1	0
Sughrue, 1 .....	2	0	3	0	2
Goode, p .....	3	0	0	2	0
Totals .....	37	11	26	11	4



## DORCHESTER H S

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
D Har'1,3.....	5	0	3	4	1
Radigan, cf .....	3	1	0	0	1
Meehan, 1 .....	2	0	3	0	1
Cohen, 1.....	2	0	2	0	0
Locke, r, p.....	4	2	0	0	0
Whi're, p, r.....	4	2	0	4	0
Murphy, lf. ....	4	3	1	0	0
J Hart,2 .....	4	1	3	1	0
Hartin, c.....	4	1	15	0	1
Butler,s.....	4	0	0	2	2
Wood,cf.....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 36 10 27 11 6

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Hartin out in 9th; failed to touch third.

Boston Latin...0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 1—4

Dorchester H S..0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—3

Runs made: by Tobin 2, Haggerty, Finnegan, Locke. Whittemore, Murphy. Two-base hit, Murphy. Stolen bases. Haggerty, Finnegan 2, Fusoni, Sughrue. D. Harrell. J. Harrell. Sacrifice fly, Haggerty. Base on balls. by Whittemore 3, by Goode. Struck out, by Whittemore 13, by Locke, by Goode 2. Double play. Whittemore, J. Harrell and Meehan. Hit by pitched ball, by Goode, Wood. Time, 2h 10m. Umpire. J. W. Mooney.

## LATIN SCHOOL 16.

## MECHANICS 4.

Latin School hung up its second baseball victory with Mechanic Arts on the losing end. It proved to be a batting fest on the part of the Latin batters. Nineteen hits for sixteen runs was the final count. Joe Goode started for Latin but with the team fourteen runs in the lead, he gave way to Lyons after he had stopped the Mechanicians completely. Joe also poled out three safe singles during the game. Mechanics received three of its four runs through errors by Latin School.

Latin School started off by garnering

two runs in the first. Kingham was on the mound for Mechanics but he was relieved by Crabb who fared little better. Latin batted around in the fourth inning for a total of six runs. Coach Fitzgerald gave some of the subs a chance to show their wares.

Doherty in right field hit fine for Mechanics, and Leigh, the catcher, and Flaherty played good ball. Donaghy at third, Tobin, Denvir, Goode and Finnegan starred for Latin.

## MECHANICS ARTS H

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Doherty, r.....	5	3	0	0	0
Fitzg'd,l.....	5	0	0	1	0
Moore, 3. ....	5	2	2	2	2
Cousens, cf .....	5	1	1	1	0
Flaherty,1 .....	4	1	7	0	1
Ward,2 .....	1	1	1	1	1
Calnan,2 .....	3	1	1	2	0
Winslow,3 .....	3	0	4	1	1
Leigh,c.....	4	1	11	2	0
King'm,p .....	1	0	0	0	0
Crabb,p .....	3	0	0	0	0

Totals. .... 39 10 27 10 5

## BOSTON LATIN

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Donaghy,3.....	6	3	1	3	1
Hagg'ty,2 .....	5	4	4	4	0
Finneg'n,s .....	5	2	2	4	2
Tobin,cl .....	5	2	9	1	0
Elton,1 .....	4	2	4	0	1
Barry,1 .....	0	0	4	0	0
Fu'nie,cf .....	5	1	2	0	0
Denvir,lf .....	4	2	1	0	0
Nolan,1 .....	1	0	0	1	0
Lyons,r,p.....	4	0	0	0	0
Goode,p,r .....	4	3	0	2	0
McC'thy,r .....	0	0	0	0	0
Gordon,c. ....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals. .... 43 19 27 15 4

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Boston Latin...2 2 4 6 0 0 1 0 1—16

Mechanic Art Hs.0 0 0 0 0 2 1 1 0—4



Runs made, by Donaghy 2, Haggerty 3, Finnegan 2, Tobin. Elton, Fusonie. Denvir 2, Lyons, Goode 3, Fitzgerald, Moore. Flaherty, Calnan. Two-base hits, Haggerty Donaghy, Tobin, Moore, Flaherty, Leigh. Three-base hit, Finnegan. Stolen bases, Haggerty 2, Finnegan, Tobin, Elton, Fusonie Denvir, Lyons, Calnan. Sacrifice fly, Tobin. Base on balls, by Lyons, by Kingham 2, by Crabb 2, Struck out, by Goode 5. by Lyons 2, by Kingham 2, by Crabb 4. Passed balls. Tobin, Leigh. Time, 2h 20m. Umpire, "Doc" Mooney.



## THE WEST ROXBURY GAME

At the Carolina Avenue Playground, May 4; the strong West Roxbury nine, now leading the district league, went down to defeat 8 to 2. Lefty Andrews started on the mound for Latin. With three on in the first inning he did a great piece of work by keeping the opponents scoreless. However, the Westies managed to push a run across in the second. Both teams scored in the fifth frame. Meanwhile Goode had replaced Andrews in the Latin box. Joe held them down in great shape. Latin School evened it up in the eighth and the game seemed about to go into extra innings. Then came a wild ninth inning rally. The first three Latin batters walked. Then Everett Donoghy crashed out a screeching double to the left-field fence. Then two squeeze plays worked perfectly. The total number of runs brought in raised the score 8 to 2.

The Westies were not troublesome in the last inning and another victory was chalked up.

Jimmy Connolly and Haddigan featured for the District boys. Donaghy, Tobin, Finnegan, and Pitcher Goode all put up fine games.

Game played at West Roxbury  
May 4,

## Latin

Donaghy, 3b  
Haggerty, 2b  
Finnegan, ss  
Tobin, Gordon, c  
Elton, Tobin, Barry, 1b  
Goode, Lyons, rf  
Fusoni, cf  
Denver, Nolan, lf  
Andrews, Goode, p

## West Roxbury

rf, Connolly  
3b, Morris  
cf, O'Connor  
ss, Haddigan  
lf, McClusker  
lf, Tobin  
2b, Haertl  
1b, Costello  
c, Holstein  
p, Cronin, O'Connor

*Innings* . . . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Boston Latin . . . 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 6—8  
West Roxbury . . 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—2  
Runs: Costello, Haddigan, Haggerty 2, Tobin, Fusoni, Nolan, Goode. Finnegan, Donaghy. Two Base Hits, Donaghy, Tobin, Connolly. Stolen Bases: Haggerty 3, Finnegan, Connolly 3, Haddigan. Sacrifice Hits. Fusonie, Denvir, Goode, Barry. Base on balls off Andrews 2, Off Cronin 2, off O'Connor 3. Hit by Pitched Ball; Haddigan. Struck out by Cronin 5, by O'Connor 3, by Andrews 5, by Goode 2.



## THE ENGLISH HIGH GAME

English High, our sister school, defeated the baseball team in what was perhaps was the best played game in the City League this year. The contest in doubt until the very end.

Latin School started Capt. Finnegan on the mound, and Art Smith was his opponent. Both pitched wonderful ball, allowing only four hits apiece. In the fourth Finnegan showed his supremacy when with two on base he struck out Capt. Durant, Cummings, and Pickard in that order.

Latin lost a fine opportunity to score in the first. Haggerty singled but was caught stealing second. Capt. Finnegan then pasted out a triple, but he was left on third.

English sewed up the game in the sixth. O'Neil was safe on an error. McMahon



then singled to right. Capt. Durant of English then stepped into one of Finnegan's fast ones and sent it flying to left center for a triple. He drove in two runs, but was called out for not touching second. The remainder of the game proved to be scoreless.

Capt. Durant won the game for English and was the hero of the occasion. The fine work of Finnegan and Smith in the box cannot be overlooked. Finnegan also contributed a screeching triple.

Norton, Parker, and O'Neil also played in great fashion for the Blue and Blue. Although we did not win, we hope to reverse the tables and be in the winning column when we play the second game in June.

Finnegan struck out eight and Smith forced eleven to fan.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

<i>English H. S.</i>							
		<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	
Norton,1	.....	4	1	12	0	0	
O'Neil,3	.....	4	0	1	2	0	
McMa'n,r.	.....	4	1	0	0	0	
Duran,lf	.....	3	1	1	0	0	
Cum'ngs,2	.....	3	0	1	0	0	
Rickard,s.	.....	3	0	0	0	0	
Carstin,cf	.....	1	0	0	0	0	
Chan'er,cf	.....	2	1	0	0	0	
Parker,c	.....	3	0	11	1	0	
Smith,p	.....	3	0	1	6	0	
Tachitta,s	.....	1	0	0	1	0	
Totals	.....	31	4	27	10	0	

#### *Boston Latin*

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Donaghy,3	4	0	1	1	0
Hag'erty,s	4	2	2	2	2
Fin'gan,p	4	1	0	1	0
Tobin,c	3	0	10	0	1
Elton,2	3	0	2	0	0
Denvir,lf	3	0	2	0	0
Fusoni,cf	3	1	2	0	0

Lyons,r	3	0	1	0	1
Barry,l	3	0	4	0	0

Totals..... 30 4 24 4 4

Innings ..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

English H S ..0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2

Runs made. by O'Neil, McMahon.

Two base hit, Fusonie. Three-base hit,

Finnegan. Stolen bases, Norton, Duran

2, McMahon, O'Neil, Cummings, Park.

Base on balls, by Finnegan. Struck out,

by Finnegan 8, by Smith 11,. Hit by

pitched ball, by Finnegan, Cummings.

Time. 1h 55m. Umpire, McCabe.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### RIFLE TEAM

On March 29, the rifle team defeated Brighton High by nearly two hundred points. Latin had one of its worst days as the score of 454 shows, yet the Brighton boys could not even come close.

<i>Latin</i>		<i>Brighton</i>	
Sands	93	Brown	72
Potter	93	Dowd	58
Keefe ( <i>Capt.</i> )	92	McKenny	58
Mayhew	88	Poor ( <i>Capt.</i> )	58
Sullivan	88	Hess	44
—	—	—	—
454		290	

On March 30, we lost our match with the High School of Commerce 475—459 and a week later we defeated Hyde Park 470—466.

On April 12 we closed our season by losing to English. The Blue and Blue scored a perfect 500, which is a credit to any team in the country. We congratulate them on their wonderful score.

<i>Latin</i>		<i>English</i>	
Sullivan	97	Jacobs ( <i>Capt.</i> )	100
Potter	97	Hickey	100
Keefe ( <i>Capt.</i> )	96	Lapworth	100
Mayhew	95	McNeil	100
Stenberg	93	Hatch	100
—	—	—	—
478		500	



## THE CLASS IV DEBATING CLUB

The Class IV Debating Club had a very interesting meeting on April 24. As there is no need for dues, the club passed an amendment to the Constitution that made the entrance fee ten cents and no dues after that amount had been paid.

A committee was chosen by Rogers, the chairman, to arrange a debate with the Class V Club.

The debate for the day was on the question, Resolved, That the Chinese should not be discriminated against more than any other people. The debaters were: (affirmative) Rogers and Rosenberg; (negative) Bray and Cohen.

Cohen spoke without preparation but made a good showing, while Bray, Rogers and Rosenberg did very well. The affirmative side won four to three, but many members did not vote as they considered it a tie. The open debate after the meeting was of a high quality, and several points were brought up that were not mentioned in the regular debate. The open debate after the regular debate has proved to be a success and is now an established custom.

Tobin, of Room 206, had been elected press agent for the club, and he was supposed to send a contribution to the *Register* each month. He has left the club.

On April 30, a meeting was scheduled but the debate was not held as the members wished to see the South Boston game. Mr. Pierce thought it best to

postpone the meeting and have a special meeting on May 2. The members will then debate on the question: Resolved, That the United States should enter the World Court. This is the trial for the debate with Class Five, so no one will be admitted at that meeting but they would be welcome at any, other meeting.

## THE FIFTH CLASS DEBATING CLUB

The club upholds the negative. This debate should prove interesting, as it is on a wide-awake subject and is between the two classes.

Mr. Pierce has been very helpful to the members in every matter and much of the club's success is due to his aid.

—C. J. Odenweller, Jr. '26

## THE CLASS V DEBATING CLUB

The Fifth Class Debating Club adjourned for the season a few weeks ago but chose a team that is soon to debate the Class Four Club on the subject: Resolved, That the United States should enter the World Court immediately. The Fifth Class takes the affirmative.

The team is as follows:

Levinson  
Moskowitz  
Barrish  
Alper (*Subs.*)

We all sincerely hope that the club will continue its good work next year as the Class IV Debating Club.

—C. J. Odenweller, Jr. '26



## A Sequel to the Washington Conference

Concerning the recent Limitation Treaty at Washington, entered into by the United States, Great Britain and Japan, it has been rendered practically useless for keeping a lasting peace, by the construction of such a disproportionately large number of auxiliary craft and submarines to balance the loss in capital ships. Japan by laying out on "auxiliary combatant" vessels the substance which she formerly laid out on capital ships will soon have a fleet of this craft superior to that of any other power. It was thought that naval strength had been stabilized by the treaty. This is so far from being so, that the United States Government has at present a large programme of auxiliary construction, and Britain will also, it seems, be forced into the same program.

Japan has built or ordered 23 light cruisers in the last five years, as against England and America together building only 16. Japan has not concealed her intentions, however, but published them to the world in as quiet a way as possible. Therefore the loss of other nations on post-treaty developments is entirely due to themselves. The Nipponese give two reasons for this increase; 1st, that the cessation of naval construction would produce strikes and a labor panic; 2nd, that this increase was really needed to compensate for the loss in the war fleet. The first reason had an absolutely unbreakable background. Of the second, it is left to opinion. The Jap strategists contend that in war, with the battle fleet so reduced, it could not put to sea as an aggressive machine, but would have to be saved as a last resource. In this event a large number of auxiliary craft and submarines would come in very handily, as they could help to keep up good communication in the Jap fleet

and also harass enemy commerce. In this way they could divert the strength of the adverse fleet into home waters. Japan is, concerning the battle fleet, at a disadvantage since the Japanese fleet of absolutely dependable ships is limited to six, whereas Britain and America have many more. With their great resources they could build others if any of these were lost, but at present Japan is utterly unable, and will be for quite a while, to replace any of her ships that might be lost.

In the fall of 1920 the Japanese naval authorities worked out a plan for fortifying the principal islands that guard the approach to Japan proper. This they intended to balance the naval stations at Guam and Cavite which the U. S. Navy Department announced it was their intention to build.

The places to be fortified were the Bonin Islands, Amami-Oshima and Yajima in the Soochoo group. They kept up at the same pace as the Americans did on Guam and Cavite until the Limitation Treaty was proposed. On hearing this, Japan immediately worked like a bee on her three bases while the Americans continued at the same pace as before. They were finished just before the conference at Washington.

Baron Kato of the Japanese delegation, informed the U. S. Government that the abandonment of the American fortifications at the Philippines and Guam would come before any negotiations concerning the reduction of the battle fleets could be entered into, Japan, on her part, agreeing to suspend operations in her island programme.

Baron Kato did not inform America, however, that she had just completed these bases, whereas hardly any progress had been made on the contemplated Yankee bases. Whether the American



naval experts were in possession of the facts is a question. But it seems hardly credible that they would have acceded to the status quo proposal, had they known that Japan had a thoroughly equipped station in the Bonin Islands. If they did know it, then it must be concluded that their plan for putting the western islands in a state of defense was overruled for political reasons by the cabinet. In any case Japan scored a home run in the naval game by the adoption of the status quo agreement.

War is an affair of position. We could not refuel if we cruised long in the islands off Asia. The only insular base where the American fleet is sure of finding fuel is Hawaii and we could not venture more than 2000 miles to the west or south of Hawaii in wartime. Even this could be done only in a pinch. But if we fight in the Pacific at all, it will be for definite objects such as the protection, or what is far more likely, the recovery, of the Philippines.

Under present conditions, they would become Japan's in the first weeks of the war. This is fully realized and freely admitted by American strategists. Quoting from Mr. H. C. Bywater's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine for February, the following appears in the *Oai Nihon* of August 1921, written by Mr. Sejiro Kawashima: "Should Japan and the United States go to war, and should the outbreak of hostilities find the main American naval force at Panama, San Francisco or even Hawaii,

it will be open for Japan to take the Philippines, indeed Guam. Should the worst happen, therefore, Japan would risk everything to destroy these two bases, and the ferocity with which she could fight may well be imagined.

Clearly, therefore, the islands in question must be ruled out of any objective examination of the task that would confront our navy in a war with Japan.

In view of the foregoing considerations, it would cause no surprise to learn that American naval authorities entertain profound misgivings as to future developments in the Far East. That these have been increased by the Limitation Treaty is self-evident. Indeed it might be affirmed without fear of contradiction that the treaty has placed our interests in the Far East entirely dependent on the good-will of Japan.

As things are, their defense by warlike action, at any rate, has, to all appearances, become impossible. The British Empire might be in a position to dispute this supremacy, thanks to its actual and potential base resources in the Pacific, but even then distance would help Japan. But the English speaking countries together against Japan, that would be a different matter, and our understanding with England should by mutual need be made more solid on account of these facts. In this appears the only possible key to the situation.

—Paul S. Keating





## THE BRUTE

Mrs. Newlywed: "Why did you tell the neighbors that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you knew I couldn't even boil a potato?"

Mr. Newlywed: "I had to make some excuse, my dear."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## A WORTHY EXAMPLE

"I like cheerfulness. I admire anyone who sings at his work."

"How you must love a mosquito!"

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

"Talk may be cheap,"

Said Bill McGlook;

"But not when the plumber

Talks with the cook."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## MAY GET CUT OFF

"Your father is entirely bald, isn't he?"

"Yes, I am the only heir he has left."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## BAD CASE

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, sah," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I'se talking over de telephone."

## DEFECTIVE PLUMBING

"I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

"Oh, mama! Here's the doctor to see the cook."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## HIS PLEA

"You're under arrest for racing," said the traffic cop.

"Oh, but you're mistaken," the motorist protested. "I wasn't racing. But say, I passed a couple of fellows who were."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## MAKING THE GRADE

"What do you think of the system of grading by letters here at college?"

"Well, it certainly has its advantages over the old numerical system."

"In what way?"

"Oh, the E's change to B's so easily."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.

"Ah want to divo'ce mah husband," she said.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"He's done gone and got religion, and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."



## SO NATURAL

The mistress was arranging some freshly cut flowers when Milly, the negro housemaid, passing thru the room, paused to admire the bouquet. "Aren't they beautiful, Milly?" said the mistress.

"'Deed and dey are, ma'am," the maid replied. "Dey looks jus' lak de flowahs on mah sister's new hat. Ain't it wonderful how nateral the Lord kin make things?"

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## DIFFERENT RECEPTIONS

"Stock is like the prodigal son; it is arising and going back to par."

"But you don't see par rushing to meet it."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Billy came home from school bearing evidence of having had the worst of a fight.

"Why, Billy!" exclaimed his mother. "How often have I told you to play only with good little boys? Good, little boys don't fight."

"Well," said Billy, "I though he was a good little boy till I hit him."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## BADLY MATED

Dauber: "I am wedded to my art."

Critic: "Who had the nerve to give the bride away?"

## THE TRIPPING TONGUE

She: "This is a portrait of my grandmother at seventy-nine."

He: "What a remarkable family resemblance. It might almost be taken for you."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

"I guess it's time to go,"

Remarked at last the bore.

"An excellent guess," she answered.

"Why didn't you guess before?"

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## NAUGHTY PRINCIPAL

The principal began the school exercises with the singing by the class of the song "Little Drops of Water, Little Grains of Sand." Disappointed by the spiritless manner of the singing he stopped in the middle of the first verse and called for a fresh start with enthusiasm. "Now, then," he urged, "'Little Drops of Water,' and, for goodness sake put some spirit into it."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## RIGHT

Assistant: "Here's a woman writes that she doesn't know which way to turn."

Editor: "Send her a copy of the traffic rules."



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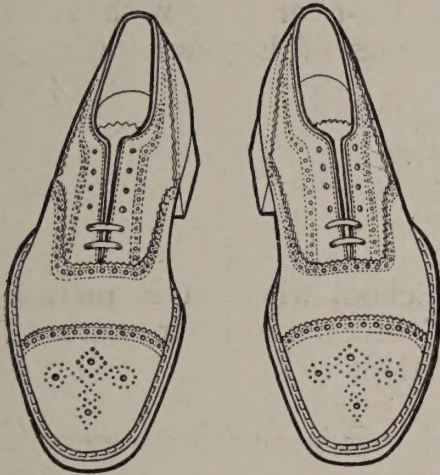
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